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BY R. H. TYSON.

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DEMOCRAT'S MONTHLY stands unrivalled as a
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just claim to its well-earned title, "The Model
Magazine of America."

The Art of Giggling

[From the Alliance for September.]

Giggling girls constitute a large
number of the sex termed, with more
gallantry than justice, in these days of
"woman's rights," fair. They are conspic-
uous, oddly enough, more by the
absence of any monstrous vice than by
the presence of any infinitesimal virtue.
Such specimens you meet with every-
where; they cannot be limited peace-
ably or forcibly; and are distinguished by
a class peculiarity—they giggle.
The phrase is, we confess, somewhat
untranslatable, for it is an etymological
nudity, and absolutely meaningless.
The art of giggling is more readily ex-
plained, for it is picturesque in its
abruptness, scientific in development,
fascinating in delivery, and graceful at
the death.

Giggling, according to Webster, is a
"kind of laugh with short catches of
the voice and breath." The bareness of
the definition is only equalled by its
unintelligibility. The better plan is to
understand the word and its action is to
personally encounter a giggler, and
she will elaborately display, in all its
elegance of outline and simplicity of
detail, the beauty and quality of the
giggle. The omnipresence of the gig-
gler saves a deal of trouble, so without
delay you plunge in *medias res*. You
wish her good day. She smiles. In-
quire after her health. Another smile.
Hope her parents are well. The smile
lengthens. Emboldened at your favor-
able reception, although in doubt as to
what has caused the repeated smiles,
you cough a little, and, with an air of
the deepest interest, ask her opinion
of the latest drama at Wallack's. She
smirks in reply. Does she admire
"Hamlet?" A faint titter is the re-
sponse. Perhaps now you venture the
perfectly truthful remark that it looks
like rain, and that if it rains it will be
wet. At once you have evolved out of
the depths of her inner consciousness a
genuine giggle. Watch its appearance
in its three stages of development, *a la*
Comte, birth, maturity, decay—and
spectroscopically the result with your pen
for the benefit of science.

The giggle commences at the mouth,
with certain twitches in the neighbour-
hood of that organ. The lips part,
the teeth—mute whitenesses of the
dentist's skill—are exposed to view.
The teeth unclasp, and, snake-like, the
tongue appears coiled up in the back-
ground. Next, the head is slightly
arched, and the eyes slowly close. At
the eyes, then, the giggle matures.
The eyes close in earnest, the nostrils
dilate, and for a time giggles play about
the ravishing nose, like lightning about
a mountain peak. The fascinating face
becomes corrugated twinkles, and shows
as many lines of beauty—in the Hog-
garthian vein—as an india-rubber head
stretched to an angle of 45 degrees. At
this stage, the giggler is supposed, by
herself, to be bewitching; and so, to
heighten the effect and the general en-
chantment, there then is a reduplicated
fluttering of the wand-like fan, a de-
pression of the head, and an inclination
of the form. The third period of devel-

opment is now ushered in. The giggles
begin to grow beautifully less, a fierce
conflict arises between the centrifugal
and the centripetal forces, the con-
volutions become more and more re-
fined, the giggles shorten, eyes open,
teeth shut, mouth closes—and the
giggle is over.

You breathe more freely now, and, if
a man of spirit, alarmed at the fright-
ful convulsions which invest the giggler
with the air of martyrdom, run hastily
for restoratives, rouse the house, sum-
mon the doctor. Reassured by her
composure, you will revoke all your
previous orders, and tenderly inquire as
to the frequency of the attacks, their
duration and possibility of cure. These
graceful attentions on your part will
speedily bring on a relapse; the per-
formance recommences, and the giggle
goes through the same stages of devel-
opment as before, only with greater
vehemence and freedom of action, for
practice makes perfect. You become
seriously alarmed, your teeth chatter,
your whole nervous system is unstrung,
you beg pardon and graciously attempt
to depart. Again the giggle rises, and
ends, finally, in hysterical sobbing, in
which you can distinguish such des-
pairing assertions as "I'll die! I'll die!
I'll die a-laughing if you don't stop."
You really have said nothing more than
a few commonplace remarks, and that
these should have produced such a
cachinnatory effect is altogether a mys-
tery. So you humbly take your leave,
sorely perplexed at the enigmatical
character of women in general and
gigglers in particular.

The details of the giggle can be
amplified at pleasure. Indeed, the
performance itself varies with certain
conditions, notably the silliness of the
giggler and the value of your own time.
The timid giggler will giggle perhaps
for five minutes every hour; the pro-
fessional one will giggle certainly six
hours a day. Such details, however,
are of a nature over which your real-
istic writer might pardonably gloat, but
are too harrowing to be here depicted.
Otherwise the effect might be as serious
as Pope describes in his "Rape of the
Lock."

"Then dashed the living lightning from her
eyes,
And screams of horror rend the frightful skies.
Not louder shouts to pitying Heaven are cast,
When husbands or when lap-dogs breathe
[their last]."

Still there are certain accessories to
the giggle which are pertinent to the
subject, and harmless to delicate nerves.
The handkerchief is generally found
useful, and when spread over the face
gives a captivating expression thereto,
since it is perfectly invisible. The
hands are perfectly relaxed, to denote
womanly impotence. The arms are
wildly tossed about, to express feminine
reserve. The eyes roll fearfully in their
sockets, to show maidenly coyness.
The hair is dishevelled, to express ex-
treme delicacy. The talk is incoherent,
to signify logical force. And, as a last
resort, your professional giggler, the
radical, the adept in her art, will throw
herself, with the wildest abandon, in
a chair, or bury her face in the luxu-
rious depths of a sofa.

The symptoms and diagnosis of gig-
gling are now tolerably well under-
stood. Its causes are yet draped in
psychological, physiological, and philo-
sophical mystery. Possibly, in genera-
tions to come, some Beaumont, or Har-
vey, or Draper, will explore its hidden
depths, and bring up to the surface the
"open sesame" to the science and
relief to the afflicted. In those days,
the intimate relation of matter and
spirit will be darkly hinted at. Wis-
domers will sagely shake their heads,
whisper "electricity," and suggest the
"movement" cure. Some will prop-
ound the theory of spontaneous gener-
ation. Others will breathe the magic
word, "evolution." More sensibly, a
few will point to cerebral disturbances,
aberration, stupidity, silliness, which
employs the waste products of respira-
tion in giggles instead of words. One
doughty physiologist will, in those days,
publish his "Genesis of Giggling," and
obstinately hold to the view that such
"monkey shines" incontrovertibly con-
firm Darwin's theory of development.

A NEW TELEGRAPH POLE.—A new
telegraph pole has been invented which
combines the two valuable properties of
being both useful and ornamental. It
is made of iron constructed in hollow
tubes, made in sections, so that in being
shipped one section can be slipped
within another. In a pole fifteen feet
in length, the lower section is three
inches in diameter, the second two and
a half, and the third one and a quarter
inches. This iron pole has insulated
arms, which insure a perfect current
of electricity, and is fast superceding
the old fashioned wooden ones.

STIMULANTS.

That man is a maniac, a deliberate
suicide, who drinks tea, coffee or ardent
spirits of any kind to induce him to
perform a work in hand, and when he
feels too weak to go through it without
such aid. This is the reason that the
majority of great orators and public
favorites die drunkards. The pulpit,
the bench, the bar, the forum, have
contributed their legions of victims to
drunken habits. The beautiful women,
the sweetest singer, the conversational-
ist, the periodical writers, have filled
but too often a drunkard's grave. Now
that the press has become such a great
power in the land, when the magazine
must come out on a certain day, and
the daily newspapers at a fixed hour,
nothing waits, everything must give
way to the inexorable call for copy, and
sick or well, disposed or indisposed,
asleep or awake, the copy must come;
the writer must compose his article,
whether he feels like it or not, and if
he is not in the vein of writing, he
must whip himself up to it by the
stimulus of drink. Some of the great-
est writers of the country have con-
fessed to the practice, on urgent occa-
sions, of taking a sip of brandy at the
end of every written page, or even
often. Lord Byron, at the end of
every paragraph sometimes.

It may have escaped the general
reader's notice, that more men have
died young, who have been connected
with the New York press, within ten
years, and that, too, from intemperance,
than in all the other educational call-
ings put together; young men whose
talents have been of the first order,
and gave promise of a life of usefulness,
honor and eminence. The best possi-
ble thing for a man to do, when he feels
too tired to perform a task, or too weak
to carry it through, is to go to bed and
sleep a week if he can; this is the only
true recuperation of brain power; the
only actual renewal of brain force;
because during sleep the brain is in a
state of rest, in a condition to receive
and appropriate particles of nutriment
from the blood, which take the place of
those which have been consumed in
previous labor, since the very act of
thinking consumes, burns up solid
particles, as every turn of the wheel
or screw of the splendid steamer is the
result of consumption by fire of the fuel
in the furnace. That supply of con-
sumed brain substance can only be had
from the nutriment particles in the
blood which were obtained from the
food eaten previously, and the brain is
so constituted that it can best receive
and appropriate to itself those nutrient
particles during the state of rest, quiet,
and of stillness, sleep. Mere stimulants
supply nothing in themselves—they
only goad the brain, force it to greater
consumption of its substance which has
been so fully exhausted that there is
not power enough left to receive a sup-
ply, just as men are so near death by
thirst or starvation, that there is not
power enough left to swallow anything,
and all is over. The incapacity of the
brain for receiving recuperative parti-
cles sometimes comes on with the rapid-
ity of a stroke of lightning, and the
man becomes weak in an instant; in an
instant falls into convulsions, in an
instant loses all sense, and is an idiot. It
was under circumstances of this very
sort, in the middle of a sentence of
great oratorical power, one of the most
eminent minds of the age forgot his
ideas, pressed his hand against his fore-
head, and after a moment's silence,
said, "God, as with a sponge, has
blotted out my mind." Be assured,
reader, there is "rest for the weary,"
only in early and abundant sleep; and
wise and happy are they who have firm-
ness enough to resolve that "By God's
help I will seek it in no other way."

Mr. Greely thus expresses himself
upon the question of the next Presi-
dency:

"When a Republican National Con-
vention, fairly chosen, after free consul-
tation and the frank interchange of op-
inions, shall have nominated Republican
candidates for President and Vice Pres-
ident, we expect to urge all Republicans
to give them a hearty effective support,
whether they be or not of those whose
original preference has been gratified." Until that time Mr. Greely will main-
tain the perfect and equal right of every
Republican to indicate and justify his
preference, whether it favors the in-
cumbent or some other Republican.
And he must regard that as a mistaken,
suicidal policy, which would deny to
anyone the right so to do, foreclosing
discussion on the unjustified assumption
that a choice has already been virtually
made.

Subscribe for the REPUBLICAN.

A Yankee Attorney on Capital Punish- ment.

The following oration was delivered
somewhere in Wisconsin, by one of the
profession, who would seem to have
quite an aversion to capital punish-
ment:

"May it please your lordship and
gentlemen of the jury, the case is as
clear as ice, and sharp to the point as
'no' from your sweetheart. The Scrip-
ture saith 'Thou shalt not kill,' now, if
you hang my client, you transgress the
command as slick as grease, and as
plump as a goose egg in a loafer's face.
Gentlemen, murder is murder, whether
committed by twelve jurymen, or by a
humble individual like my client. Gen-
tlemen, I do not deny the fact of my
client having killed a man, but is that
any reason why you should do so? No
such thing, gentleman. You may
bring the prisoner in 'guilty,' the hang-
man may do his duty, but that will not
exonerate you? No such thing. In
this case you will all be murderers.
Who among you are prepared for the
brand of Cain to be stamped upon his
brow to-day? who fremen—who in
this land of liberty and light? Gen-
tlemen, I will pledge my word, not one
of you has a bowie knife or pistol in
his pocket. No, gentlemen, your pockets
are all odoriferous with the perfumes
of cigar cases and tobacco. You can
smoke the tobacco of rectitude in the
pipe of a peaceful conscience; but hang
my unfortunate client, and the scaly
alligator of remorse will gallop
through the internal principles of animal
vertebrae, until the spinal vertebrae
of your anatomical construction is turned
into a railroad for the grim and gory
goblins of despair. Gentlemen beware
of committing murder!—beware, I say,
of meddling with the eternal prerogative!
—beware, I say. Remember the fate of
the man who attempted to steady the
ark, and tremble. Gentlemen, I ab-
jure you by the manumitted ghost of
temporal sanctity to do no murder!—I
abjure you by the name of woman, the
mainspring of the ticking time piece of
time's theoretical transmigration, to do
no murder!—I abjure you by the love
you have for the esculent and condi-
mentalgusto of your native pumpkin,
to do no murder!—I abjure you by the stars
in the flying ensign of your emancipa-
ted country, to do no murder!—I ab-
jure you by the American eagle that
whipped the universal game-cock of
creation, and now sets roosting on the
magnetic telegraph of time's illustrious
transmigration, to do no murder!—And
lastly, gentlemen, if you ever expect
to wear long-tailed coats—if you ever
expect to wear boots made of the free
hide of the Rocky Mountain buffalo—
and, to sum up all, if you ever expect
to be anything but a set of sneaking,
loafing, rascally, cut-throated, branded
small ends of humanity, whittled down
to indiscriminately acquit my client,
and save your country? The prisoner
was acquitted.

The Amsterdam Ship Canal, which
was commenced in 1866, it is stated, is
one of the greatest engineering works
ever undertaken. It runs through two
shallow lakes, and embankments are
built on each side of the line of the
canal, and the bed is then dredged
out to the required depth. The lakes
are cut off from the North Sea by sand
hills, through which the canal will
have to be excavated. Piers formed of
large blocks of concrete are to be built
out for the distance of a mile to deep
water, and will enclose a harbor with
a surface area of 500 acres, and a depth
of 54 feet below low water. The width
of the canal will be 84 feet at the
bottom, and 195 feet at the top, with a
depth of 22 feet. The locks will ad-
mit ships of the largest size. The com-
mercial prosperity of Amsterdam will
be greatly promoted on the completion
of this grand ship canal.

LAUNDRY POLISH FOR LINEN.—Add
to starch made in the usual way a
small lump of white sugar, or a bit of
white wax of spermaceti, or a few thin
shavings of white soap and a teaspoon-
ful of salt. After the clothes are rinsed
in the blue water, starch them, and dry
on the clothes line; then wringing them
from cold water, roll up tightly, and
let them lie awhile. Iron smoothly in
the usual way. Then place the bosom
or piece to be polished, on a board
with a single fold of muslin over it,
pass a damp cloth over the linen and
polish with an iron made for that pur-
pose, such as may be bought at the
hardware or kitchen furnishing stores.

A man in Danbury, Connecticut, re-
cently offered two cents a pound for
cats, and now quietness reigns o' nights
in that locality.

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General News Agent
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Will practice in all the Courts of the State. 1

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Special attention given to Collections and to
matters pertaining to Real Estate. 1

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Real Estate Agents
and Real Estate Auctioneers,
No. 100, FRONT STREET,
PORTLAND - - - OREGON.

WAGON AND CARRIAGE SHOP,
Main Street, Dallas.
[Second door north of the Drug Store.]
The undersigned wishes to inform the Public
that he is prepared to do any kind of work in
his line on the shortest notice, and in the best
style. Thankful to his old customers and
friends for former patronage, he respectfully
solicits a continuance of the same.
S. T. GARRISON.
32-4f

Committee on Railroads
Have decided that as soon as the Oregon
Central Railroad (West Side) is completed into
Polk County, they will issue orders to all con-
tractors and workmen on the line to purchase
all their

Groceries and Provision,
Clothing, Boots and Shoes,
Ladies' Dress Goods,
Hardware, Tinware,
Or anything they may happen to want of M.
M. Ellis, at Laeledo, formerly known as Cluff's
Store. Meanwhile, all farmers, or anyone else,
will find it to their interest to call and make
their selections. All are aware that I am sell-
ing goods cheaper than anybody in Polk Co.
I buy more Produce than any two stores in the
County. So bring along your Butter if it is
sour, and if it is sour, all the better.
Yours truly,
M. M. ELLIS.
20-3m

**SASH, DOOR AND
BLIND FACTORY,**
MAIN STREET, DALLAS.
I have constantly on hand and for Sale
**WINDOW SASH, Glazed
and Unglazed.**
DOORS OF ALL SIZES.
WINDOW AND DOOR FRAMES,
All of the Best Material and Manufacture.
11-4f JAMES M. CAMPBELL

NEW PAINT SHOP,
Carriage, Wagon, Sign,
AND
ORNAMENTAL PAINTING,
GRAINING & GLAZING,
PAPER HANGING, &c.,
Done in the most Workmanlike manner by
H. P. SHRIVER.
Shop upstairs over Hobart & Co's Harness
Shop.
DALLAS, POLK CO., OREGON.
27-4f

PROFESSIONAL CARDS, &C.

DALLAS HOTEL,
CORNER MAIN AND COURT STS.
Dallas, Polk County, Oregon.
The undersigned, having RE-FITTED the
above HOTEL, now informs the Public that
he is prepared to Accommodate all who may
favor him with a call, in as good style as can
be found in any Hotel in the Country. Give
me a call, and you shall not leave disappointed.
12-4f W. F. KENNEDY, Proprietor.

**NEW WAGON AND CAR-
RIAGE FACTORY.**
RICHARDSON & CO.
Inform the Public that they are now ready to
do all kinds of work in their line.
CARRIAGES, WAGONS, &c. Built or Re-
paired with Neatness and Dispatch.
WAGONS constantly on hand for Sale.
BLACKSMITHING done by an experienced
Workman.
One door south of Livery Stable Dallas, Ogn.
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S. C. STILES,
Main st. (opposite the Court House), Dallas,
M. MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Whips, Collars,
Check Lines, etc., etc., of all kinds, which he is
prepared to sell at the lowest living rates.
REPAIRING done on short notice.

\$75 EVERY WEEK!
MADE EASY,
BY
LADY AGENTS.

We want Smart and Energetic Agents to
introduce our popular and justly celebrated
inventions, in every Village, Town and City in
the World.
Indispensable to every Household;
They are highly approved of, endorsed and
adopted by Ladies, Physicians and Doctors,
and are now a GREAT FAVORITE with them.

Every Family will Purchase One
or more of them. Something that their merits
are apparent at a GLANCE.
DRUGGISTS, MILLINERS, DRESSMAKERS
and all who keep FANCY STORES, will find
our excellent articles **SELL VERY RAPID-
LY**, gives perfect satisfaction and netting
SMALL FORTUNES
to all Dealers and Agents.

COUNTY RIGHTS FREE
to all who desire engaging in an Honorable,
Respectable and Profitable Business, at the same
time doing good to their companions in life.
Sample \$2 00, sent free by mail on receipt of
price. SEND FOR WHOLESALE CIRCULAR
LAR. ADDRESS,
VICTORIA MANUFACTURING COMPY,
17, PARK PLACE, New York.

NEW PICTURE GALLERY.
J. H. KINCAID has opened a
New Photographic Gallery
In Dallas, where he will be pleased to wait on
Customers in his line of Business at all hours
of the day.
Children's Pictures
Taken without grumbling, at the same price as
Adults. Satisfaction guaranteed. Price to
suit the times.
Rooms at Lafolett's Old Stand, Main Street,
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8-4f

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ALL PERSONS HAVING MATERIAL
for Rag Carpets, and wishing them
Woven, can be accommodated by calling on
the undersigned. Orders left at the Store of
R. Howe Bros. will be promptly attended to.
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Bureaus,
Lounges,
Tables,
Bedsteads.
A Variety of CHAIRS for Parlor and
Kitchen use.
RAW-HIDE BOTTOM CHAIRS
Of my own make.
Shop near Waymire's Mill

INVITE THE PUBLIC TO EXAMINE
my stock. I shall be pleased to show you
my goods, and better pleased when you buy.
NEW WORK put up to Order, and RE-
PAIRING done at the lowest cash price.
4-4f WM. C. WILLS, Dallas.